

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 12](#).)

Nick rolled his eyes as Kai explained why she related to the dead more than the living, tuning out a bit of it to 'blah blah blah.' But he kept on nodding his head with a grin on his face the entire time. She called him a bad liar and a bad actor. He simply shrugged in response. She then went off to continue to rant about solving your problems and this and that and this was the reason he was solitary. The boy did not really care. When Kai turned to leave, he turned without a proper goodbye and walked deeper into the forest. Not knowing where he was going or really caring for that matter. Maybe he could find the source of this wolf army.

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 13](#).)

Nick dragged his feet as he walked deeper and deeper into the forest. Kai's antics were almost funny to him. *'Angry? Punch someone?'* he thought over what she said and chuckled. She was stupid if she thought punching someone was the only way to deal with problems; hardly so. Punching someone is not usually the best option nor the smartest. He mulled over it, snickering at the thought of him punching Akuma's golden scales. Good lot that would do. No, his problem was not with Akuma. Yes, he felt hurt; yes, he was angry; but his problem was hundreds of years of crushing solitude, not that fact that the hybrid used him. The mage had gotten his hopes up only to be let down. He muttered to himself, "Should have stayed in my cave and continued my studies..." A loud rumble interrupted his train of thought and brought his attention to the hunger gnawing at his gut. Sighing, he wheeled around and started heading back in the direction of the city.

((Note: The following sections take place during [Chapter 14](#).)

Nick walked through the forest, hands jammed into his robe's pockets, heading in the direction of Windfall. It was getting dark out and he still had not eaten yet. Relenting to his hunger, he sighed. It was not long before he was back at the city. He trudged through the gates with the other people as they returned to the city before the gates closed for the night. Things were settling down, but his favorite shop was still open. He entered the small sandwich shop he had found Akuma at not too long ago and ordered a sandwich. Ham and Cheese; it was his favorite. Walking out with the wax-wrapped food in his hand, he headed to the fountain. Every day he would get a sandwich and eat it there. He did not know why, but he just did. Unwrapping his sandwich and taking a hefty bite, he looked up and stopped in his tracks. Akuma was there in his spot. Nick continued to stare down Akuma even as the hybrid shifted under his gaze and shifted his own eyes to the cobble. The mage considered saying something, but

nothing came to mind and he turned to leave. Right as he took a few steps he felt something whiz by. His eyes widened as he saw the hybrid being yanked away by the blonde-haired swordsman on his white dragon friend. The horned boy was reaching out for help. Nick lurched forward and tried to grab onto the hybrid as he was taken away, but he just barely slipped away. With a pop of light, he teleported across the rooftops, following the swordsman and the dragon. He was about to come out, magic blazing when Akuma suddenly rolled off and glided to the ground as a dragon. Lowering his hands Nick followed, glaring at the kidnappers as he ran by. Landing on the cobble below and stumbling to catch his footing he approached Akuma. At first, he said nothing, but finally said, "What was that about?"

Akuma told Nick that a serial killer was after the duo and wanted to kill him as well, which did not make sense as there were no apparent reasons to have the hybrid dead. Then the killer showed up and told them the answer; there was a bounty on Akuma. When Nick threatened to turn the man into ash, Akuma told the mage with a face contorted in surprise before it shaped up into a beaming look. The assassin left to go after the bigger bounty which was the duo before he would come back for the hybrid someday. Akuma called the bounty hunter stupid as the man ran away in his wolf form. Then he went on to rant suddenly, "Humans are stupid. They'd do anything for a shiny hunk of metal called gold. What value does it possibly have? You can't eat it or use it for anything useful."

Nick shrugged and tried to explain, "Ah gold, is... Gold is somewhat rare, so people use it as a placeholder for value. It represents work done, so it becomes valuable."

The horned boy recoiled and his face twisted back to a frown, "What's the point of that? Why not just trade work for what you really want? Or just goods. Dragons just exchange what they have for what they need. Hides for food, food for herbs, and so on. It seems more effective just to get what you want in the first place. What happens when your civilization crashes? When you're wandering in the forest and you need essentials. Who cares about how many shiny pebbles you have?"

"As long as there's people, there will be worth in gold. The gold standard has been used for a long time; I don't see it changing any time soon, even after the collapse of civilization. Besides not everyone wants what you can offer, and it's easier to carry gold," Nick said shrugging. "It doesn't really matter anyway; it is what it is."

Then Kai showed up with a humorous smile on her face and hands in her pocket. She commented about the bounty hunter, "Oh yeah, that one has a loose screw or two." She nodded before continuing forward to Nick. "Actually, I spotted the other nutter out in the woods. Pretty sloppy guy if you ask me. He's conspiring mass murder and doesn't even try to protect his identity and has cronies like that guy that can't even bother to hide who they're employed for. I'm just saying this out of humor, being in the business I am." She snickered, referencing to her thievery.

The mage looked to her, "At any rate I'm not that worried about him."

She cleared her throat and said, "But yeah I was right, it was another necromancer. Not that anything else would carry that smell.... Well, I do have business to attend to on late nights." She turned to walk off to somewhere. "You might want to schedule your appointments too or I might hit you in the face with a rock again," she mentioned over her shoulder.

"Ah yes, your night robbings..." Nick commented, rolling his eyes when she mentioned the rock. "Oh yes, very funny." He stuck his tongue out at her.

Then suddenly, Kai stopped in the road as a loud sound rang through the streets; it was an alarm. Nick looked up and tried to locate its source. It sounded like a burglary alarm, but he could smell smoke. It seemed like there were a lot of fires lately. The girl turned back to look at the two boys, shrugging with a grin, "I didn't touch anything. I never set alarms off anyway. I'm too classy for that." People started to emerge from houses to see what the commotion was. Human police were taping off the Golden Pony now, only to hear the alarm.

Akuma watched a nearby Aquarian land in the square and see the fire for a bit. Then the armored dragon moved forward, sticking his face in the shop, though his body was unable to fit through the door. After a few moments, he pulled out of the store, prying the flaming apparition off as a couple waterhorses came flying in. "Hang onto this," he tossed the necklace at one of them as they started to work on the fires. Then the Aquarian flew over behind the building.

The mage warned the girl, "One of these days it will catch up with you." Then he continued on his way home. "Come on Akuma, let's get out of here," he motioned before heading back to his house with the hybrid following idly.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 15](#).)

When they finally got there, Nick pulled out a key and unlocked the door. Akuma slipped past him as the door opened, making the mage roll his eyes at his eagerness to get in. Nick turned and closed the door behind him, glad to be away from the smoky smell from outside. When he turned around again, he found Akuma had already flopped down on the couch in front of the fire he had lit on the logs with his lightning. The hybrid snuggled into the fabric, looking very comfortable. Then he let out a quiet sigh. Nick commented, "You sure do like that fire."

Akuma purred in content against the fabric of the couch. He stretched for a moment as he retorted, "I'm half dragon; mostly thunder. I like heat."

The mage took off his robe and put it away, revealing a new haircut and cloths underneath. "New look,"

he said as he walked up beside Akuma. "What do you think?" he asked as he did a little spin so the hybrid could see the whole thing. Earlier today, he had decided that the robe was getting old and if he wanted to fit in out in public, he should look less weird.

The younger boy looked over once more, his face contorting a bit and making a slight recoil in his head motion as if just noticing the change. Akuma reached behind him and grabbed a pillow. He snidely asked with a grin, "Great, now you look less like the old man you are. Shouldn't you be hunched over on a cane by now?" Nick was about to say something in retaliation to his comment when the pillow was suddenly launched at his face.

The mage ducked down to avoid it and stood back up, seeing the hybrid's smug smile plastered on his face with his hands defensively as if preparing to catch the pillow thrown back at him. "Now you're in for it," he said as the pillow behind him winked out of existence before reappearing behind Akuma. Now technically, if the pillow hits Akuma, he would have thrown it at himself. Nick did not wait for that though and quickly scooped up another couch cushion, tossing it at the hybrid boy. He had a big smirk plastered onto his face as he did so. "No escape!" he jeered as Akuma now had pillows coming from both directions.

Akuma smirked and rolled to the side, thwacking against the coffee table and crashing onto the floor. He rolled under the coffee table for cover. "Escaped. You missed," he said snidely. The hybrid's mouth twisted up into a devilish, toothy grin.

Nick watched the two pillows collide midair and fell to the sofa limply. Turning his attention to Akuma, he was about to throw another pillow when he felt a zap on the leg, causing him to leap back. "Hey now!" he said startled. Raising his hands, two more pillows raised up and flew at the hybrid, swooping between table legs and homing in on him. The mage playfully challenged, "Good luck besting my homing pillows of doom!" He had not done anything like this in a long, long while and it felt good to have someone to do something with, rather than sitting alone all day.

Akuma blocked one with his legs and rolled out of the way as the second grazed his side. He rolled out from underneath the table and stopped, staring at Nick mischievously as he propped his arms under himself and pushed up to a crouching position. He smirked at the mage and purred, "Your pillows are inferior. Though, not as soft as that bleeding heart of yours."

"You will be downed by a sea of soft and fluffy goodness!" Nick exclaimed before he felt something tackle him around his legs to throw off his balance and bring him to the ground. Akuma had his arms wrapped tightly around the mage's legs. "Oh no you don't!" he said. The hybrid's smirk pulled up into a grin as he pulled himself up to sit on top of Nick victoriously. But then the mage raised his arms one more time and called out dramatically, "PILLOW STORM!!!!" All of a sudden, directions pillows started winking into existence from all directions and flew towards Akuma. It was like a white blizzard of cloth and feathers. As the hybrid shrank back down to take shelter under his opponent's legs, Nick shifted in a flash of light, becoming a giant tortoise and withdrawing into his shell. "Victory is assured!" he called out

from within his armored shell as pillows whizzed around outside.

Akuma frowned, shifting his body up against the shell for cover instead. "Cheater!" he yelled at the shell. He stared briefly at the pillows flying around before smirking again. He struck his hands out, shooting bolts of lightning at the pillows and exploding them into harmless puffs of feathers. He used Nick's shell to protect himself as the number of pillows were thinned out. He smugly said, "Heh, thanks for the cover, old man." Then he shifted, looking around at the pillows.

"Not bad, hatchling," Nick countered. The hybrid made a snort of laughter in response. "But still not good enough!" the tortoise exclaimed as he focused his magic on the countless feathers all around them and condensed them into a dense cloud of feathers before pulling the cloud around Akuma to obscure his vision. The hybrid shot out more electric bolts, which aimlessly shredded through the already loose feathers. Pillows continued to fly every which way as a steady glow poured out of the tortoise's shell. The cloud was not enough for Nick though as two specially shaped metal balls rose discretely out of the pillow combat zone. They were designed to attract lightning currents, perhaps it would stop the hybrid's lightning magic. A few small squeals of surprise emitted from Akuma as he was pelted by pillows. Then he lowered himself to the floor and curled up, pressing himself against the shell of the tortoise. He winced as the pillows continue whirling around overhead. Nick stopped the storm of pillows and shifted to his human form, hopping up and throwing his arms over his head in victory. "I'll take that as surrender!" Nick exclaimed. The hybrid lifted his arms from his face to peek out. "Victory is mi-" the mage began, but was interrupted as a rogue pillow winked into existence and knocked him over. Akuma rolled over onto his back to smirk at the fallen mage. "I meant to do that," he said as he pushed himself up. Only now that the fun has been had he realized the mess they had created. With a wave of his hand, pillows and feather alike began to wink out of existence as they had appeared beforehand. The mage murmured to himself, "Well that sure was something." He had gotten a little carried away with the game.

Akuma stuck his tongue out at him and teased, "You're the one who got carried away. I just threw a pillow."

Nick added in, "And you zapped me!"

The horned boy grumbled, "That was a love tap compared to a real bolt of lightning."

"And I used pillows instead of rocks, so there."

Akuma face flushed up in response. "So you like to be smothered with pillows? I'll have to remember that tonight." Then he sits up, pausing to glare up at the mage, "And I never said I surrendered. As I said before, you're just a bleeding heart. You stopped your attack." Then he taunted, "So in a way, you're the one who surrendered." He kept the same, snide little smirk plastered to his face.

"That was so too surrendering!" Nick said. "You were curled up in fetal position and completely

overwhelmed by my fluffy projectiles of doom. I only stopped the assault because it would be cruel to continue after you were so obviously defeated. It's called being a decent human being, being a bleeding heart has nothing to do with it." He returned the hybrid's smirk and ruffled up his silver hair until his hand was swatted away.

Akuma uttered quietly, "You can call it whatever you like." His brow sloped downward. Akuma stood up and brushed himself off, looking at the mage.

"Like I always say, do unto others as you would have them to you." Then Nick looked up at the clock and remarked, "On another note, I should probably get dinner started." He shrugged as he walked into the kitchen. He continued talking to Akuma still, "It usually works, but if they insist on getting all punchy punchy smashy smashy, then you can always just clobber 'em." He filled a pan with water before putting it on the stove to boil. As he did, he also got out various other ingredients and prepared them for cooking.

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 16](#).**))**

Nick flipped over some sizzling bacon on the stove, pressing it down against the pan. He then moved over and stirred the eggs around. "Breakfast is nearly done," he called out from the kitchen as he began taking things off the stove and putting them on the table along with plates and silverware. "And finished!" Nick said through a mouth full of freshly cooked bacon he had just sampled. Sitting down at the table, he waited for Akuma to come in. He had something to show him. He had something planned for the day and a good breakfast was always a good idea. Nick was shoveling bacon into his mouth and he only glanced up when the hybrid looked into the kitchen to see the food. The horned boy went to sit hastily at the table, shifted around in his seat to get into a comfortable position. "Go ahead and eat up!" the mage urged the hybrid as he gulped down some orange juice himself. "I've got something planned for today." The younger boy's face contorted to a look of disgust and shock.

Akuma's golden eyes shifted up to Nick, "I see why humans have to rely on their smarts. Your senses are petty. You rely on masses of technology to make up for it.... Works well enough...until a certain Spell came along." A smirk crossed his face.

The mage stuck his tongue out at the boy, countering, "Good thing I don't rely on technology." He wriggled his eyebrows at Akuma before continuing, "Anyways, there's a traveling carnival coming to town... A magic carnival!" He threw up his arms above his head in excitement. "With magic! It's going to be great!" he continued to ramble on about it through a mouthful of sausage dipped in syrup. Rubbing a bit of syrup off his chin, he warned, "Better hurry up and eat, though; wouldn't want to miss it!" Akuma shifted his eyes down to his plate and started to eat slowly. Nick looked up and let out a belch before covering his mouth. The hybrid made a slight sneer of disgust. "Oops, pardon me," he chuckled before

noticing Akuma just staring at his own food with his brows furrowed. "What's wrong?" he asked, looking at the hybrid curiously before he realized that the boy probably did not know what a carnival was. He tried to explain, "You don't know what a carnival is, do you? It's like, uh. Games and clowns and stuff. Eh, you'll see when we get there. It will be fun." As he talked, he grabbed more bacon and put it on his plate, swirling it around the pool of syrup before eating it. He sure did love bacon. It was a good thing he made so much of it. Akuma finished his plate of food and stared blankly at the mage. "Eh," Nick picked up his own plate and the hybrid's before rinsing them in the sink and clearing the rest of the table, putting away the leftover foods into the refrigerator as well. He said to the now standing boy, "Alright, let's go." He headed towards the door before stopping for a moment and going back to grab his spell book. He brushed off some dust before pinning it under his arm against his body and heading out the door. He waited for Akuma to catch up before he talked, "This carnival is ancient; I can't remember the last time I went to it. There's good food, too. Elephant ears, funnel cakes..." He smiled just thinking about it. "And no, Elephant ears aren't really made from elephant ears."

((Note: The following sections take place during [Chapter 17](#).)

Nick's eyes lit up when the carnival came into view. Large tents were protruded in the city, all purple-and-white-striped. There were food stands, game stands, animal pens, and things of the sorts, covering the town square. Music was playing and the entertainers were dressed in various costumes, even clown ones. Akuma looked at the place in confusion before the mage grabbed his sleeve and sped into the clearing where the carnival sat, making the younger boy yelp. The mage took a deep breath, taking in the smells of the scene around him. Funnel cakes, elephant ears, curly fries and other treats. Still pulling Akuma along, he came up to one of the stands with a childish glee in his eyes. It was a balloon dart game. Letting go of the hybrid, he slammed down a silver coin and looked at the stand owner expectantly. The guy handed him two bundles of 5 darts. Nick pushed one of the bundles to Akuma and explained, "Here, it's a game! You just throw the darts and pop as many balloons as you can. If you pop one with every dart you get a prize!" He took one of his own darts and took aim. The hybrid boy picked one up questioningly. Nick threw one dart and missed. His face scrunched up and the rest of the darts levitated up and found their marks with complete accuracy. He turned towards the stand owner and smirked, saying, "I'll take my prize now." The stand owner stepped aside while grumbling under his breath. Akuma snorted as Nick mulled over the prizes for a moment before snatching a few pieces of paper advertising a free fortune telling session.

Akuma pulled his arm back and chucked the dart. It went way off, sinking into the wall. He frowned and used the rest of his pile, managing to pop 2 balloons. He looked back to Nick flatly. "Is that it?" he asked, sounding mildly disappointed. He snorted, "People pay to throw darts at balloons? Sounds like a scam more than fun." He smirked, "And you made it sound so tantalizing."

The mage turned to him, "Oh hush, carnivals are full of stupid little games like this. Of course, it's

overpriced, but it's not like I don't have the money." He went on before moving off, waving Akuma over. "Come on, let's go find that fortune tent." They walked for a bit, passing by several rides. Nick noted their locations to come back afterwards. After a bit of searching, he came to a purple tent with an eye stitched onto the tent flap. He looked back at Akuma before entering the tent. He stopped though, unable to believe what he saw. It had to be a coincidence. The emblem of Verista was stitched onto the robe of the fortune teller.

Akuma looked at Nick questioningly again and ranted, "So what's this? Talk to the creepy guy in robes? I'm starting to question the sanity of whoever came up with...carnivals." He trudged over to the table where a crystal ball sat and plopped down on one of the sitting pillows there. "What's this?" he prodded at the ball.

Nick held up a finger to silence his immediately frowning friend, only half listening to what the boy was saying. He was more interested in the person in front of him at the moment. He asked, "Where did you get that robe?" The hybrid simply snorted, looking back to the crystal ball and poking at it.

The fortune teller shook his head and began to speak, "Why do you wa-" The man was cut off when he was hoisted up into the air by the collar of his robe by an unseen force. Akuma flinched at the scene, knocking the ball over. He caught it as it rolled off the table. Setting the ball in his lap, he stared at Nick and the fortune teller with a curious face.

"I'll ask again now," Nick said as he balled his hands into fists without realizing it. "Where did you get that robe?" He could feel the fortune teller try and cast a counter spell, but Nick stopped him by shifting his right hand slightly. A rune flashed into existence under the fortune teller. It allowed Nick to manipulate the magic that passed over it and he simply disassembled the spell before it was even cast.

"Verista," the fortune teller finally stuttered out before the mage dropped him. He wheeled back out of the tent before running away. "You're crazy! It's just a stupid tower."

Nick watched him go and narrowed his eyes before turning to Akuma, who was now frowning. He explained, "Verista was destroyed over 600 years ago in a massive arcane explosion. The land there is still tainted, I checked it myself 50 years ago. The arcane flux is so strong there it could tear you apart in seconds."

The hybrid snorted and rolled backward onto the floor, holding the crystal ball above himself and playing with it. He said slyly with a smug smirk on his face as he stared at the ball, "Maybe someone just made you think that. You weren't part of the cool club of secret mages."

Nick deadpanned and looked at him, "I know, because I was there when it exploded. And there was no secret club; being a mage was the cool club. Magic was important back then; in fact, it was everything. We didn't have the technology. People relied heavily on the local towers to supply them with power and protection."

Akuma looked over at Nick, still smirking, "Oh I think there was the separate cool club. You obviously didn't know about it. If you were so important, wouldn't they have told you they rebuilt it? Maybe you're out. And considering they let people like that fortune teller in, that's just sad they wouldn't invite you. Tsk."

Nick looked around the tent before looking back at him, "It was over 600 years ago, smart one. And besides, even if someone was alive from back then, I didn't exactly leave them a note telling them where to find me." He shook his head at the smirking hybrid, who tossed the crystal ball in the air, catching it in his hands again. He asked the hybrid boy teasingly, "What's got you so fixated on secret clubs all of a second? Were you left out of one when you were little?"

A smug look crossed the hybrid's face, "No, it's just fun seeing you squirm over something so simple as a tower. You act like it's your...what do they call it...spouse? Who cares?"

Nick swatted the ball away. "Stop playing with that, you're going to break it. We need to get back to the house now, anyways; we need to get some stuff first." He placed the ball back down on the table and headed out.

The hybrid grabbed at the ball again. "Seems like there's a 'tower' now, hmm? maybe someone rebuilt it and is using it as a school again."

The mage simply shrugged, "There's definitely something there now alright and I plan to find out what it is." He linked his fingers together and stretched out his arms, cracking his fingers. "How about an adventure, huh Akuma?"

"Whatever," the hybrid murmured.

Once they got back to the house, Nick looked around, realizing he did not even know what to bring. He said as much, "I don't even know what to bring with."

Akuma merely shrugged in response before asking, "So what's it to you anyway? Don't tell me you're some elitist about secret club entries. You didn't seem very keen on letting that guy in."

Nick looked at him angrily. "Magic is finite you know..." he pointed out as he got out a big map and spread it out on the table in front of them. The hybrid smiled smugly and stared at it. "It's not a problem for experienced mages, but inexperienced mages burn through magic like candy. They need an outside source."

The hybrid snorted, "If you mean you lose energy faster, duh. But who cares? That's the typical learning

process, even with dragons."

The mage took his hand and waved it over the map, several faintly purple glowing prisms appearing in several different places over the map. "You need an aura node, build a tower and teach magic to a large amount of people or else they'll simply run out of magic." Bringing his finger over near the center of the map, he pointed a finger at one of the nodes. It exploded and a mini shock wave flew over a nearby area of the map, changing the land from lush forest to a dark purple crater. "That's where Verista was. The node exploded destroying everything around it. The other four nodes are being used. And if a new node has appeared, people would be rushing to settle around it. So no, you can't just build a new Verista."

Akuma slitted his eyes at Nick's explanation, "You can't run out of magic. You just run out of strength. If magic was in such a FINITE supply, big cities of humans like this would be in a lot of trouble."

Nick shook his head, "Obviously you've never heard of any of the great magic pandemics of old. When people started experimenting with the minor aura nodes, they occasionally went bad and became tainted. This could suck the magic right out of an entire area until the node was destroyed. It was a serious problem when entire towns and cities relied on magic for everything." He chuckled at Akuma's lack of understanding about magic.

The hybrid looked back to Nick with a frown, "I thought you said that already happened to the area. It exploded and became tainted. So obviously it's a curable thing if people are around and doing magic again." He let out a snicker.

Nick rubbed his forehead. Akuma's questions were on the annoying side today. He did not exactly feel like giving him a rundown on advanced aura mechanics. Turning, the mage left the map there as he turned to pack. "That, by the way," he said referring to the big purple crater on the map. "Is where we are headed to."

The hybrid smirked and then laughed, "Wow, you sure do have a fetish over this tower. Beating up an innocent over it. I mean I'm not any fan of humans, but ha. That was something." Lacing his fingers behind his head, he asked, "Do you always yank people up by the throat that don't answer all your questions in a sentence?"

The mage glared at him and responded, "Of course I do, I was born and raised there; it's all I ever knew when I was younger."

Akuma asked, "Yeah so what? I grew up around the abandoned lab as my home. Atlas burned it to the ground. Don't see me attacking people that ask about it. So much for you being the adult. Or maybe it's just because you're a human. Despite what you think. Whatever the magic did to you, as far as any dragon is concerned, you're still human. Now are we going to go or not?"

The mage rolled his eyes and pointed out, "Technically, I stopped aging at around the age of 17. So one

year before I could be considered an adult. So there's one thing."

Akuma snorted and said, "That's not an excuse. That's just your body. Unless your head has stunted growth, too." He stared down Nick with a toothy mischievous smile.

"Oh no, my brain has stopped maturing as well," Nick said, wagging his finger at him. "And no, not being mature doesn't mean that I'm an idiot." The mage stuck his tongue out at him. The hybrid's eyes slitted in response. The mage folded up his map and tucked it away. He had a backpack ready with a mess kit and some other necessities. He headed out the door and looked around the street before turning back to Akuma. He warned the hybrid boy, "Did you want a horse or something, or did you just want to fly there? It's a pretty far distance."

The younger boy's brow furrowed for a moment before he turned on heel and headed to the door. "I'll be fine flying, thanks," he declared, going outside and shifting up into a dragon. He stretched his wings, which were beginning to see less and less flight. Nick followed, also taking the form of a dragon. He took his bag in his claws and jumped into the air, hovering for a moment. He waited for Akuma, who took off after him, before flying out into the forest, heading towards the last known place of his beloved mage tower. He felt the anticipation building and he could not wait until they got there.